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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Susan Bedloe.

(From the Brown papers.)

Her face—that is, in its features—was only pretty, not handsome, and yet it was lovely; but then she had the neatest little figure, the prettiest hand and arm, the beautifullest springy foot and ankle, that came of a Sunday into any of the meeting houses in all Hildale. Her father, the doctor, when she was an infant, used to declare that little foot a model of perfection in form; and who should judge rightly on this if the doctor could not? He did not live to see the promise of infancy fulfilled, poor man! But little Susan grew up, the hope and pride and joy of Widow Bedloe. Her boys went off into the world, but her daughter remained, her staff and comfort.

How different she was from all the other girls of the place! John Hath incurred the resentment of all the women in the town when he said that it was strange how all the education, intelligence and refinement of Hildale were confined to the Bedloes and the Norvals. This was long before little Susan was born, but as she inherited all the refinement and grace of the family before her, it brought John H.'s unlucky speech to mind. She was surrounded by such an atmosphere of delicacy and had so much of that charm which we express by the term "lady-like," as to attract the notice of every stranger who saw her at school or in the singing meeting. She was always cheerful and merry, and yet the most modest little creature you could find in a thousand. She never put herself forward, never had a thought of attracting admiration, but somehow all the best young men in the place were sure to surround her at the village parties and "sings,"

leaving for her the more showy girls, who sought to attract them.

She had, too, a quiet dignity, which was conspicuous through all the ease and playfulness of her manners—perhaps too much of it, for the young men not only were thereby deterred from any improper freedom in her presence, but seemed to be impressed with a feeling that she did not quite belong to their sphere, and sought elsewhere, among girls whom they did not admire and love half as well, for helps, meet for them. The neighbors thought farmer Lendle's son, over the hill, would marry her. I think he would have proposed and been accepted if he had not shared in that feeling, and felt a sort of awe mingled with his evident fancy (a Shakespearean word) for her. But I can only judge from appearances, like the other neighbors.

Let me tell you about Susan and Mrs. Smith, it was so like Susan.

Widow Bedloe's means were small; so Susan, when she was old enough, opened a private school for the village little ones.

Speaking of schools reminds me of a letter the widow once received, which she read and re-read with tears of joy. She had sent Susan to a school for young ladies a few miles from Boston, and kept her there until circumstances forbade her longer stay. But at the close of her vacation, after Susan's return home, came a letter from the principal, offering to take Susan again, free of cost to the widow, because of her excellent influence upon the other pupils! But there were reasons, honorable to the mother, why this offer must be declined.

So Susan opened her school, which was of course mostly composed of children of special genius for tormenting everybody, and such as belonged to parents who neither could nor would pay the tuition. This is quite the general rule with such private schools in country villages, or used to be.

Folks wondered how little Susan Bedloe could keep order, and shook their heads, but sent their young ones. But she did keep order, and I believe as much because she loved so to laugh with them and make them happy. Still she had her trials.

Now Mrs. Smith was a great, stout woman, with a face like a November day and a voice like a November nor'wester, who patronized the victim to the extent of two offshoots of the Smith family tree—bullet-headed, snubby-nosed little animals, always showing a variety of bumps on their crania, gotten from their mother, though not by way of birth or inheritance. These were sticks of a crooked sort, quite past being reduced to order and symmetry by Susan's usual gentle

means; and at length the occasion came, when, with bitter tears, she applied what she really supposed to be corporeal punishment. The young ones, as in duty bound, exerted their nascent nor'westers to such extent as in them lay, and next day the poor little mistress received a visit from the awful Mrs. Smith.

Afterwards Mrs. Smith reported progress to Miss Jenkins.

"I gin it to her good, though," says mighty Mrs. Smith.

"Sarved her right, little stuck-up thing!" remarks Miss Jenkins. "What did she have to say for herself?"

"Oh, she didn't say much—believed it hurt her more than it did the children to 'inflict the punishment,' as she called giving 'em the lickin'; that she was obliged to do it for the good of the school, and all that. I told her, if my children needed anything of the sort, I wasn't afraid nor unwilling to give it, but that I wasn't going to have any little chit, to whom I am paying my money, slappin' my 'Dolphus and Dorindy. I got the steam well up, I tell you; but when the meachin' little thing began to cry and never said a mad word, I declare I couldn't say nothing more, only that I shouldn't send 'Dolphus and Dorindy any longer."

And so on and so forth.

As for Susan, she went home, and the faint flush upon her cheek looked a little as if she was provoked. But simply saying that she had had a scene with Mrs. Smith, which rather roused the good widow and almost called out a bitter remark or two, Susan went to her own chamber and sat down to a favorite book, in which she found something about a soft answer turning away wrath, and other matters of that sort, to be found in the said book. Then she came down again, with a face as smiling as a June day.

A week afterward, and tap, tap, tap on the door of Susan's school-room.

"Open the door, Johnny."

Little Johnny opened the door, and Susan's heart sank within her to see Mrs. November Smith enter with all her might and bluster.

"Arter what has passed between us," began Mrs. Smith, "as I told Mr. Smith last night, I ought to settle up with you for what time 'Dolphus and Dorindy did come. So here's the money. I guess you'll find it right."

"Thank you, Mrs. Smith. I wish you would not think hardly of me. I thought I was doing right when I punished the children. I don't think I spoke an angry word to them, and I am very sure I did not act in anger."

"Well, I guess on the whole you haven't done no harm. I jest come from your mother's, and

she tells me she hasn't seen you mad for ten years, and that you go up stairs and read the Bible when you find yourself getting that way."

"Oh, Mrs. Smith!" exclaimed Susan deprecatingly.

"Now, Susan, the fact is, as I told your mother, that 'Dolphus and Dorindy are crying to come back again, and so I guess I'll send 'em again to-morrow. I told your mother too—she does look poorly, I vow!—that if you'd step up this evenin' to my house I'd send her a couple of quarts of new milk and some eggs; I guess she needs that sort of thing."

And so the Northwester got round and was succeeded by

—"the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets."

Mrs. Smith called in upon Miss Jenkins on her way home.

"What a queer little bit of a thing Susan is!" said the mighty lady. "She cried when I blowed her up last week, and she up and cried again to-day just because I made all up with her."

And so soft, sweet, gentle Miss June conquered hard, rough, stormy Mrs. November.

Susan had just such a voice as one would expect from her—just that "excellent thing in woman," of which Lear speaks; and it was a delight to hear her talk, her gentle eyes interpreting all she said, now earnest, now sad, and now brimming full of fun. And her voice in singing was the same; not powerful, but "tuned to every merry note," or "bathed in tears," according to occasion and matter. When Hobson taught the singing school, his ear soon began to distinguish a delicate, sweet voice, generally "drowned out" by half a dozen other rough, untutored ones, but which did more than his violin to keep the rest somewhere nearly in tune, so true and unflinching was it; and this voice he at length traced to quiet, unpretending little Susan, who sat quite in the background and devoted herself to making the most of his instructions. Like a Cremona violin in an orchestra, such a voice is not conspicuous at first, but if you sit at a distance it soon makes itself felt through all and above all in its quiet beauty—a golden thread in a web of ruder material.

Village politics and petty quarrels are the breezes which keep little country towns from stagnating. They amount to nothing, and when the occasion is past all is forgotten, and the Smiths, Joneses, Bacons and Browns are as friendly as ever. The singing school and the singers' seats in the meeting-house are almost invariably the scenes of discord in more senses than one. Now, what on earth anybody could find against little Susan that winter as a means of picking a quarrel, I declare I cannot imagine; but so it was.

Hobson was to close his school by a grand concert in the meeting-house, and, with the rest, Susan had a song allotted to her. When the others were supplied, and her favorite piece was still left, she of course chose that—something, I forget what, that just suited her voice, and to which she gave all the charm arising from her native refinement of taste and her thorough appreciation of the poetry. At the first rehearsal she sang so beautifully that half a dozen other girls were provoked that they had not selected the same song.

The queen bee of the hive, after proper con-

sideration, concluded that it was just adapted to her powers, and Hobson was finally forced to transfer it to her, and select another for little Susan, which was in no way adapted to her voice, and which was in other respects unsuitable. Hobson, poor fellow, had to look to the favor of the powers that were, and Widow Bedloe and Susan were not of them. So the queen bee sang the song in a brass voice, to the universal hilarity of the neighborhood. Susan's brother, the college boy, stormed, but she did not. She simply but firmly refused to sing an unsuitable piece. As the brother and sister were walking home after a "sing" at which she had been shabbily treated, he broke out in no measured terms. At length he noticed that she was weeping.

"Ah, I am glad to see that you have some spirit left. Don't go near them again."

"It is not they; I cry to hear you talk so."

This was a damper on him. At the concert she sang no song, but exerted herself to the utmost to make the treble go off well; and everybody knew in their hearts that she was the sweetest singer there.

Widow Bedloe was member of a church in the other part of Hildale, and when Susan was old enough she joined the choir. It was a long and weary walk thither, up the back road and over the hills; but the storm must be severe and the mud or snow very deep which prevented her from being in her place upon the Sabbath morning. She attracted no attention, singing her appointed part with the rest without display, in her own quiet manner, doing all the good she could and making no pretensions. But as time passed on, and one treble married, another left the seats in a huff, another moved away, and the like, David, the leader and sweet singer, began to find out what a treasure he possessed in that modest little lady. He could depend upon her. He knew she sat with him from a sense of duty; that it was a part of her religion to cultivate the talent given her, and use it in the praise of the great congregation. His ear seemed to follow the golden thread of her gentle voice, and to rejoice in its unflinching certainty. Could he have had his way—but his choir was composed of volunteers, and he could not—she should have stood next to him, as the leader of his girls. But she never sought this, and there were others who did, and so she still sat in a lower place, and exalted herself by her very humility. The congregation, too, felt the difference when Susan was unavoidably absent, though unable to define in what it consisted.

Our choir had its stormy times as well as others. Differences and quarrels between the singers, ambitious strivings to be chosen to the leadership on the part of some of the village Brahmins and Rubinis, questions of first and second places among the girls, and other important matters, often seemed to bring the choir to the brink of dissolution. Once or twice the trebles left the seats in a body, save Susan, who to the surprise of everybody, carried the soprano part through two Sundays, not very powerfully perhaps, but triumphantly. She would have nothing to do with any of their quarrels. She took no side in any of the troubles, but came to meeting, went to her place, and sang to the best of her ability.

Now all this was a great source of annoyance to Miss Apse, a girl of strong will, strong voice, and rather strong auditory nerve, judging from

the tones she could sometimes make and bear without flinching. But as the ears of the congregation were not very nice, she was esteemed a great singer and ruled with quite an imperial sway. But Susan thought lightly of her authority, and did her duty, whether Miss Apse did hers or not. And so she became the Mordecai of this Miss Haman. There are many ways in which the Miss Apse of a choir can annoy one against whom she thinks she is bound to exert her power. I need not specify them. She bore all patiently, had her kind smile ever ready when Miss Apse thought fit to greet her, and no one knew from her that any other discord existed between them than those which were made by the "head singer" in the exercise of her vocal powers. Such matters seem trivial, and indeed in themselves are so; but trivialities, after all, make up the most of the good and ill of our condition, and Susan felt these things keenly. But as she had hitherto lived down petty jealousies, envyings and strifes, and had become the thread around which all that was good in her companions crystalized; as the influence of her example was already powerful among them, and her character morally was producing the effect upon their feelings and manners which her sweet, unerring voice produced upon their singing; so she patiently waited for the opportunity of conquering Miss Apse, in unwavering faith that it would come.

Well, on a warm Sunday towards the end of summer little Susan was in her place. She sang sweetly as usual, but with difficulty, and when she reached the end of her long and weary walk home, she was greatly exhausted. The next Sabbath afternoon she was buried. I don't know when I have had such a touch of the heart-break as then. The bell tolled mournfully as the little procession moved into our graveyard, poor widow Bedloe leaning upon the arm of her son, the college boy, and his brother supporting the feeble steps of another widow, his mother's sister. All the neighbors were there and wept. Great Mrs. November Smith vowed it was "too bad in Providence to—" and here she broke down, and began to sob in such a manner that Miss Jenkins felt the influence and cried like a baby. The children cried for poor little Susan Bedloe, and the grown up people wept with the bereaved mother; but she and her two boys—their grief was too deep for tears. A cold storm of autumn was raging, and the widow stood at the window. The thought of Susan, as exposed to all its chill and cheerlessness, came over her, and then for the first time she wept bitterly—bitterly.

They told me that on the following Sabbath, when the choir rose to sing the hymn—

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,"

previous to the funeral discourse, Miss Apse's voice first faltered, then stopped, and finally that she sank back into her seat, utterly unable to go on. One after another followed her example, and after a couple of stanzas the attempt to sing was given up. Whether this statement is literally correct I do not know; I was not there. I do know that never was a truer thing said than the remark of Mrs. Smith when she heard of the inscription which is placed on the white marble slab that points out little Susan's grave: "I vow, that 'ere text was made for that gal!" for it is this:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

(From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

The Piano-Forte Compositions of J. S. Bach.

EDITED BY FRIEDRICH CHRYSSANDER.

This new collection of Johann Sebastian Bach's pianoforte compositions, of which the first volume is now lying before us, forms part of the cheap stereotyped edition of the Classical Composers, published by L. Holle, in Wolfenbüttel.

This edition is intended to pave the way for a knowledge and appreciation of Bach, even among those who have hitherto been strangers to his art. It naturally does not interfere with the existing good and complete editions of his works, but it may assist in causing many of the incorrect editions, distinguished for the uncertainty of their authorities, and the want of knowledge displayed in them, to lose more and more of the estimation in which they are held.

We greet this edition with real delight, and tender our best thanks to the editor and publisher, since it was only by sacrifices on their part that they could offer the public so beautiful and correct an edition at such a price, one thaler and eight silver groschen* for a volume of 110 folio pages, printed on vellum paper, in large clear characters.

The pre-dominating intention of the arrangement in which the pieces follow one another (with the exception of the *capriccio* in B major, on the departure of a brother), is an educational one: the pieces proceed gradually from the easier to the more difficult, from the simple to the more artistic. We doubt, however, whether this very judicious arrangement can be carried out in the subsequent volumes. In the first volume begin the twelve small Preludes, intended by Bach himself for "Anfangende" (beginners). These are followed by the six small (French) *Suites*, and the fifteen *Inventions*, with the symphonies belonging to them. The latter are here, for the first time, so arranged that each *Invention* is followed by the symphony in the same key. These pieces thus form the best introduction to the *Clavier bien tempéré*. The *Invention*, that is to say, according to ourselves, a thought, stands in about the same relation to the symphony that the prelude does to the fugue.

The *Capriccio sopra la Lontananza del suo Fratello diletto* is a curiosity for the history of programme-music, which is almost as old as instrumental music generally, although, in former times, intended to be more humorous than serious. It attained its greatest height in the "Battles of Austerville," etc., at the commencement of the present century, whereby it became ridiculous, precisely because it was meant to be serious. For the modern school, its revival was reserved by the doctrine of the purport of music, and whither this doctrine leads we have seen by lamentable examples. If the real masters of former times, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and even Beethoven, employed titles now and then, it was merely in order to intimate, generally, either the peculiar frame of mind by which the composition was suggested, or that which it was intended to inspire in the hearers. For this purpose, they selected a musical motive which struck them as suitable, but this was all; for this motive and its thematic treatment constituted the real and proper substance of the composition, which substance can never be aught but musical, founded on, and developed by, tone, and not on and by words and objects, or events. Despite the titles:—1—Flattering of the Friends to prevent him leaving; 2—Description of various accidents which may befall him, when away; 3—A general Lament; 4—The Friends arrive, since they perceive that it cannot be otherwise and take leave," old Bach departs so little from the contrapuntal—that is, the genuine musical—style, that he actually concludes with a fugue of two and a-half pages, *all' Imitazione della Cornetta di Postiglione*.

The cheapness of this edition will now enable hundreds, nay, thousands, who could not pay the high price of the former editions, and were obliged to put up with the *Clavier bien Tempéré*, incorrectly printed and costing five thalers, to possess

* About ninety-five cents.

the works of the immortal Bach. Let us but diffuse all the magnificent creations of the two last centuries, pure, unadulterated, with intelligible explanation, and in a form within the reach of every one, and the stupid dragon of the Music of the Future and Poetry-Music, which behaves so strangely, will be overcome without a struggle. We must, therefore, seize the opportunity, as we have so often done before, to make a most earnest appeal to teachers of music. The excuse, that the compositions in question are difficult to be obtained and cost a high price, exists no longer. The inexhaustibly rich Bach; the ever fresh Haydn; the thoughtful, and, oftentimes daring Clementi; the entrancing Mozart—are, at present, one and all, to be procured in cheap editions, just like the classic authors of German poetry. And when parents or fair pupils come and say, "Give us a very pretty piece to play in company, if you please," sit down at the piano, and play them something of the above masters. If you yourselves can play such a piece, your pupils will direct their minds to it of their own accord.

The editor—with the thankworthy assistance of Herr R. Zimmer, of Berlin—has given some very suitable explanations of the appropriate style in which Bach's pieces should be performed, as well as of the so-called "Manieren," and shown, in twenty-six examples, contained in notes written in full, how they should be carried out. This imparts a special value to his edition.

On account of their general interest, we conclude by appending the editor's remarks on the names, characters, and time of Bach's compositions, as the kinds of instrumental-pieces usual in those days have been almost entirely strange to us.

"1.—The *Allemande* possesses, as a dance, a joyous character; in Suites and Partitas for the piano, its movement is more serious and the harmony full. It begins the dance (or comes immediately after the Prelude) and is followed by Courante, Sarabande, Gigue, etc., in an order which is seldom disturbed. It enjoys the place of honor as being a German invention.

"2.—The *Anglaise*, an English kind of dance, is lively in character, varied and more or less quick in its movement.

"3.—The *Aria* is principally a vocal piece. Applied to an instrument composition, the name signifies what we, at present, call a 'Lied ohne Worte.' The style of playing it must be melodious, and the time throughout slow. Mattheson says:—'It finds a place on the piano as well as on every other kind of instrument, and is, commonly, a plain, short, singable melody, divided into two parts, and one which mostly appears so simple, because the player can embellish and change it in innumerable ways, in order to display his manual dexterity, although retaining the fundamental passages.' (*Kern mel. Wissenschaft*, p. 122). In the aria with 30 changes (vol. II., pp. 147—187), Bach displays something more than manual dexterity, just as, generally, in all that he undertook, he surpassed everything previously done.

"4.—The *Bourrée* is a French dance-melody, of a gay and choice character, in two-two time. It requires the execution to be light and round, not too quick. Flowing, smooth, gliding and closely connected. (Mattheson.)

"5.—The *Chaconne* (*Ciaccone*) is an Italian dance, in three-four time, and moderately slow in its movement. For further particulars, see *Passe-caille*.

"6.—*Concerto*. Bach's concerto, vol. II., p. 102, is a pianoforte sonata, in three movements; the tempo of the last two is given; the first should be taken *allegro moderato*.

"7.—The *Courante*, in Suites and Partitas, always follows the *Allemande*. It requires to be performed in a serious style, the notes being played more *staccato* than slurred (Koch, Lex. 398). This, also, is a dance-melody.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.


Music in the Public Schools.

II.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will now do as I intimated at the close of my first commu-

nication, and will speak of the adaptedness of boys' voices to the music of the Church.

"It is not true that every blockhead can be trained successfully as a Chorister." So says the learned Dr. Hodges. It is true however, that boys, selected with strict reference to musical aptitude, and subjected at an early age to thorough discipline in the science, may, and often do, attain, while yet boys, to a degree of skill hardly conceivable to persons unacquainted with the subject. Entire oratorios, solos and all, have been repeatedly performed in the English cathedrals by men and boys; the latter sustaining in a most efficient manner the part usually assigned to females in this country. In the music of the legitimate old church school, *alla Palestrina*, the voices of boy choristers are absolutely essential. The same may be said of the works of all the great cathedral composers, like Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons, Croft, and Purcell, all of whom, and many more, were choir boys in their younger days, and wrote for voices like their own. As an indication of this, we find that all correct Church musicians, even down to the present day, have avoided the extreme high notes of the staff and have confined themselves mainly to the range best suited to the voices of boys; that is from

 a compass certainly ample for all needful effects in church. The few

musicians who have had experience in the matter, find that in point of flexibility and purity of tone these voices are unsurpassed.

In the European cities, schools are established and supported by government, with special reference to the encouragement of those youth, who, being naturally gifted, desire to become proficient in music. From these schools, the church singers are selected. The boys connected with the world-renowned cathedral choir (*Dom Chor*) at Berlin, are educated in a school of this sort. Music of the highest character is performed by them with matchless skill. If we trace the history of the most eminent musicians the world ever knew, we find that they began their career as choristers. Such was the case with Palestrina, Tallis, Purcell, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Boyce and a host of others.

The project of employing such trebles in the place of female voices, has of late been made the subject of animated and, at times, acrimonious discussion. With the question of propriety simply, this article, has nothing to do. Its settlement clearly belongs to the clergy. The questions for the musician to settle are such as these:—Have we not among us much youthful talent which, if encouraged and brought out, might be turned to great advantage in the choral service of the Episcopal Church? It is not the adaptedness of boys' voices to the performance of true church music (not palm-tunes) been to a great extent overlooked in this country? Are not the most efficient choirs in Europe those in which the treble is sung in part or wholly by boys? Now in replying affirmatively to these inquiries, we do by no means seek to exclude the many excellent female voices to be found in our choirs. Such voices are indeed quite sufficient for choir purposes, where no liturgical form of service is adopted. But in the service of the Episcopal Church, where the psalms as well as the canticles are chanted, a double choir of boys is a desideratum. When the *Te Deum* is sung anthem-wise, as set to music by correct Church writers, the

treble cannot be properly sustained by women; for it should be remembered that English cathedral composers, when they write for the church, never write for other than male voices. The absurdity of attempting the performance of these sublime compositions with a single quartet I cannot better illustrate, than by relating the following incident from "real life" in one of our choirs. The worthy organist (a true church musician in theory at least) undertook to lay aside for a season a modern and flimsy production known as "Jackson in F," to substitute one of greater merit. The quartet soon found the ponderous harmonies of old Gibbons too much for them. The sturdy old composition was not to be "taken" by *portamentos*, sentimental turns, or by any other species of modern attack. The prima donna at last turns round to the organist in disgust and exclaims—"Oh, horrid!" The organist in his indignation demands—"Why, Madam, what is horrid, the music or the performance?"

Boys are now employed quite successfully in many of the New York and Philadelphia churches. Among the number may be mentioned Trinity and the Church of the Holy Communion in the former, and St. Mark's in the latter city. The double choir, connected with an Episcopal church in our own city, furnishes a notable instance of the proficiency which boys are capable of making, with moderate application. These choristers assemble for practice daily for about one hour. They are not only competent to sustain the music of the church, but are able to sing, even at sight, anthems of a difficult character, and this too, without accompaniment; an achievement which but few experienced singers would choose to undertake. This, with a multitude of facts which might be stated as bearing upon the subject, proves the assertion made in my first communication, viz: that the ability to read music "at sight" is an accomplishment which boys acquire much more readily than adults.

It is true that a great degree of indifference exists with the public in reference to this matter. Many persons entertain the notion that such voices can never be made available in a style of music requiring finished execution. The stubborn facts I have just quoted, about choirs in the Old World and in our own country, will perhaps have a tendency to remove this prejudice in some degree. That such prejudice does exist, is not remarkable when we come to consider the specimens occasionally given to the public in the shape of juvenile exhibitions, where a motley assembly of two or three hundred children are taught to shriek temperance songs and juvenile oratorios (!) Whatever may be the moral effect of such affairs, the musical effect must be deplorable. And the time will surely come when a discerning public will consign to their proper rank those teachers who, by getting up such displays, degrade the standard of science to a level with their own abilities. Every science has its "professors," who seem to have no higher ambition than to popularize themselves with the uneducated masses. Such "professors" sooner or later fall to a level with the uncultivated tastes to which they pander. However, the standard from which they fall is not very high, and the damage to themselves from the concussion is but trifling.

PRECENTOR.

The Musical Critic of the London Times.

[From the London Correspond. of the N. Y. Tribune, Feb. 20.]

The *London Times* is generally looked upon as the highest authority in matters concerning public opinion—in fact, for the majority of the Britons, *The Times* is public opinion itself. That it does not direct this opinion in politics, but simply reflect it, in accordance with the ideas and the material interest of a few capitalists, is a well-known fact. The writers are, individually, allowed to express no convictions, however serious may be the topic on which they are called upon to provide articles. They form a staff, obeying blindly the word of command. I will quote an instance illustrating the state of things which I am discussing. The musical reporter of *The Times*, Mr. Davison, is undoubtedly a man of great ability, and possesses extraordinary literary accomplishments. His style is fluent and charming, such indeed as can be expected only from the most brilliant feuilletonist. His pen was unquestionably a profitable acquisition for Printing-house Square. But on what conditions were his services procured? The Catholic legend relates that the venerable Bishop Saint Remi, who received the barbarous founder of the French monarchy, King Clovis, into the bosom of the church, while in the act of baptizing the royal neophyte, exclaimed, "Proud Sicander, kneel down; henceforth, burn what you have worshiped, and worship what you burn!" *The Times*, *mutatis mutandis*, is the Saint Remi of modern times, calling upon its reporters to burn, or, at least, to bite with the sharp tooth of criticism, whatever they previously held most sacred.

Before his conversion, Mr. Davison wrote in *The Musical Examiner* a number of essays which deservedly attracted the attention of all artistic circles. He was, at that time, a fervent partisan of the new romantic and the old classic school. Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Frederic Chopin were the gods of music, and Davison their faithful prophet. Armed cap-à-pie, in due Don Quixote fashion, he went to war, not against imaginary wind-mills, but against the "wealthy" Meyerbeer, of whom he said that "his celebrity was a paradox," against "the oily fatness of Rossini's green maturity," against the "ponderous Thalberg, whose musical position was a riddle for an Ætius to solve," and a host of composers of the French and Italian school. He wrote for Wessel & Co., the music sellers in Regent street, "an essay on the works of Frederic Chopin," "the mighty poet and subtle-souled psychologist," in which he called Messrs. Thalberg, Döhler and their "detestable tribe of empty followers," "harmonic knife-swallowers" and "crotchety turners of summersets." In one word, he then bestowed his admiration on composers of decided and individual genius, and did not spare his attack against the self-conceited children of mediocrity. The German school of music had at last found a devoted adept in Great Britain.

One day, however, or rather one evening, the tempter appeared in the person of a gentleman living somewhere in Queen square, and connected in some way or other with *The Times*. We are assured on good authority that the following language was held by the enticer to the gifted critic:

"You are a man of talent, and your musical reports would do honor to the columns of the great paper; but as Meyerbeer is in favor with the public, you must not attack Meyerbeer; as the Italian Opera is in vogue, you must sing the praises of the Italian Opera; last, but not least, *The Times* being an English and not a German paper, you must prove that Germany is declining and that Great Britain is about to shine as the brightest star in the musical sky. Are you now prepared to write on these conditions?"

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Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9.—The Philharmonic Concert Saturday Evening attracted an immense audience, as usual, the Academy of Music being crowded to overflowing. The concert was singularly uninteresting, the following being the programme:

PART I.
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1. Lento—Allegro con energia. 3. Larghetto.
2. Scherzo—Molto vivace. 4. Allegro, Molto vivace.
Aria, from the Oratorio "Creation," (On Mighty Pens), . . .
Mademoiselle Marie de Roode. Haydn.
Solo for the Violin, "Rondo Papageno," H. W. Ernst.
Mr. Edward Mollenhauer.

PART II.
Concert Overture, in A, Op. 7, (first time), I. Riets.
Scene and Aria, from the Opera "Oberon," C. M. Von Weber.
Mademoiselle Marie de Roode.
Solo for the Violin, "La Sylphide," [by request],
Mr. Edward Mollenhauer. Mollenhauer.
Overture to "Egmont," in F minor, L. Van Beethoven.

The Symphony received very little applause, and it was my impression that it deserved no more than it received. But when I consider to how great an extent trifling extraneous circumstances affect one's enjoyment of music, I hesitate to give you any decided opinion. A close atmosphere, a slight pain in the tooth, a crowded uncomfortable seat, a chattering neighbor, even mere bodily fatigue—any of these is sufficient to turn a symphony into a suffering, or a musical Paradise into a musical Pandemonium. Consequently I have nothing to say about Schumann's Op. 61, excepting that it put my next neighbor to sleep, and that its somniferous effect upon myself was with difficulty resisted. Of course, I could not thus appreciate it, for Music is such a delicate, ethereal spirit, that we must have all our faculties about us, to grasp it, and I often wonder how any one can talk of listening to its harmonies, (as some persons do,) merely as a rest from active occupation, and because it gives them such a quiet sensual delight, as to enable them to think composedly on other subjects. The same persons would think it highly absurd to visit a picture or piece of statuary, without expecting to devote some special attention to its examination, and yet they will saunter into a concert room, and let the sweet sounds glide over their ear without actually taking the trouble to enjoy them. These same persons frequently fall asleep, and a sleepy man at a concert not only makes himself highly uncomfortable in endeavoring to resist the allurements of Morpheus, but also makes himself slightly ridiculous by falling a victim, (as is almost invariably the case) to these same somniferous allurements.

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art, were a few common-place ballads, and a duet for piano-forte and clarinet, by J. N. PYCHOWSKI, played by Mr. CANDIDE BERTI, and Mr. XEIPER. Mr. BERTI and Mr. WILLIAM MASON performed Liszt's Preludes, for two pianos, in splendid style. Miss C. M. SHEPPARD made her debut as a soprano, with tolerable success.

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The "Old Folks," from Boston, gave a couple of Concerts at the Tabernacle, last week, but owing to inefficient management, they were not prominently before notice, and the usual courtesies were not extended to the press, who consequently treated the "Old Folks" with silent contempt—and the press is everything here.

OLE BULL gave a concert Friday evening, at Dodworth's Saloon, and for the first time I could appreciate the wild enthusiasm which Paganini once excited. Ole Bull is wonderful—marvellous—and what increases the interest with which we listen to his performances, is the marked individuality of his character, observable in his countenance, and the workings of his features, as he so visibly enters into the spirit of his music. His performance of Paganini's Variations on the air "Hope told a flattering tale," was one of those astonishing feats which knock criticism quite speechless with amazement. It scarcely seemed possible that a man could produce so distinctly with one violin, the effect of several instruments, by simultaneously playing a *pizzicato* accompaniment with one hand, and a flowing melody with harmonic chords, with the other. Yet this is what Ole Bull does. Those who have heard him in his youth say he has lost none of his former power and spirit, and by declaring him to be the most astonishing violinist since Paganini, fully endorse the otherwise unimportant opinion of TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 10.—A slight indisposition prevents me from giving you more than a hurried account of our third Philharmonic Concert, which took place last Saturday evening. The audience was not quite so large as on previous occasions, the programme being perhaps not quite as attractive to the general public. The Symphony was Schumann's, in C, op. 61, and the Overtures Goethe's *Egmont*, and a Concert-Overture by Rietz. These were all very well played; in the Symphony particularly the first and last movements. The composition by Rietz was brilliant and well instrumented, but rather common-place, and full of reminiscences. The instrumental soloist was EDWARD MOLLENHAUER, who showed his usual mastery of the violin in the old "Sylphide," by himself, and a "Rondo Papa-

geno," pretty, effective, and apparently exceedingly difficult, by Ernst. Miss DE ROODE was the vocalist of the evening, and was, I am very sorry to say, only prevented from making a complete failure by the extreme good nature of the public, who, in view of her evident agitation, applauded generously. Her voice, which in a medium-sized room, and with the piano, appears full and strong, was entirely too weak for the immense Academy, and even, it seemed to me, for an orchestral accompaniment. And to this natural disadvantage, she had added another of her own creating, in the unfortunate choice of her pieces. They were the extremely difficult arias, "On mighty pens," from the "Creation," and *Ocean, du Ungeheuer*, from Weber's "Oberon." These are both compositions which none but a very great singer should undertake; the chief beauty and interest of the first lying in the perfect representation of the many tone-pictures it contains, and the last requiring the utmost dramatic force to make it appear to advantage, when robbed of the stage accessions which it originally requires. It is very high, and very fatiguing, and Miss De Roode was not by any means equal to an artistic rendering of it. I could not but pity her, and wish that she had been contented with simpler means of showing her powers.

OLE BULL is giving a series of concerts, assisted by various artists, which are said to fill Dodworth's Saloon very well. Thalberg's Matinées are drawing themselves out into an endless chain—the first series of three was followed, or rather *dove-tailed* by a second of two, that again by a third, and in among these again came sundry single ones. Last night the maestro gave a grand concert, with the assistance of the Harmonic Society, who performed Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and for next week new attractions are promised.

CINCINNATI, O. MARCH 4.—Our city has recently taken quite a start in musical matters and our progress deserves to be noticed in your Journal. During the past weeks we have enjoyed some important performances by home societies. Our new "Philharmonic Society," which is organized upon the plan of the New York Philharmonic, thus far has given two Concerts and three afternoon Rehearsals. In the last Concert, which was the first of three Subscription Concerts, they treated us to the superb "Pastoral Symphony" by Beethoven. The audience numbered nearly 500 (living) heads. They seemed spell-bound in listening to the heavenly strains of the greatest of all musical masters; there was not a whisper, hardly a breath. This audience, we suppose, was not exactly after the New York pattern. The afternoon Rehearsals have also been well and silently attended; as yet the latest New York fashion of handing round chocolate and ice cream has not been adopted. The Orchestra has about 30 members and is well proportioned: two double Basses and 7 violins give a very fine basis to it, and in this respect it is a good deal more satisfactory than the transient Orchestras, the old "Germanians" and Jullien's, we have had here. Our leader, Mr. L. RITTER, is a man of thorough musical knowledge, of a wide interest in old, new and "future" Music, and of the purest intentions. He leads also our new Vocal "St. Cecilia" Society, which a few days ago performed the whole of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," with the German text, with a chorus of 70 or 80 singers and an Orchestra of about 30; in all, over 100 performers. It was a very creditable performance. The writer a few months ago heard in New York "Eli" by the Mendelssohn Society, and has no hesitation in asserting, that ours can boast of a good deal more precision and promptness. It was probably the first performance in the States of an Oratorio with the original German text by so large a Society. Think of the "Pastoral Symphony" and the whole of "St. Paul" in the Western back woods!

DRESDEN, FEB. 11.—(Concluded from last week.)

—As I think it must interest you and perhaps give you a more accurate notion of the condition of musical taste in this capital, (which is certainly a very controlling capital in this department of Art,) I will give you a catalogue of some of the music I have heard here, omitting, of course, that which I have already mentioned. In opera, *Oberon*, four times; *Così fan tutte*, twice; *Der Freischütz*, twice; the *Zauberflöte*; Meyerbeer's "North Star," (which I cannot admire); *Fra Diavolo*; the "Templar and Jewess," of Capellmeister Marschner, very fine and effective; "Don Juan," very finely given; *Euryanthe*, *Lucia*, &c. The company is very good. Madame BÜRDE-NEY, the soprano, probably one of the first now on the continent, is a fixture here, under a year's engagement, and appears in every opera. Fraulein KRALL is a pleasing second soprano, arch and pretty; a charming voice, but not a great singer. In the alto line, KREBS-MICHALESI is the best, tho' not great, but makes the best Elvira I have seen since I was in Paris in 1840. TICHATSCHKE, the tenor, has been a great singer. He is said to be over 60, but manages to look and act like 40, and still sings extremely well. They have a very good buffo bass singer and actor in Herr ABIGER. The choruses are much better than with us, or at the Italian Opera in Paris, and the old Hunter's Chorus in the *Freischütz* was given as I had never heard it before. The fairy groupings in "Oberon" are really exquisite, and that opening chorus brought D.'s Club vividly before my imagination. The *Così fan tutte* is a lovely little piece, with the most meagre and insignificant plot, and seems to me as well played as possible. But the great reputation of the Opera here rests mainly on the Orchestra, which is also said to be the best in Europe. I care not whether it be or not; it is certainly the best I ever heard, and I have been lately (three months ago) sitting behind those soaplocks of BOTTESINI, at the Italians, in Paris, where he is now conductor. This remarkable orchestra is presided over by Herr KREBS, Kapellmeister of the King of Saxony, who has a genius for his department of work.

Of the less pretentious Quartet-vereins, there are many. I belong to one, the "Musikalischer," where they give just such a programme, once a fortnight, as our Mendelssohn Quintette Club in Boston, but they do not play as well. Here, as in most meetings of the kind, the ladies sit together, filling the floor of the principal room, the gentlemen standing under and outside of the arches which generally separate the room into two parts, a few getting seats on the outskirts, (literally, sometimes.) Three or four times during the winter, these Vereins give what they call a "Thee dunsant" to their members. We attended one of these. A band of one of the regiments plays Polkas, Waltzes and Quadrilles, and dancing is kept up briskly, and with an energy unknown out of Germany, from 7 till 10 or 10½, when the supper is announced. And this important element in German social life must not go undescribed. In a large suit of rooms, adjoining every dancing or concert hall in Dresden, tables are set out, quite plainly, but very clean; a *carte de restaurant*, with the prices of the dishes marked against them, is upon each table. The tables are of various sizes, from eight to twenty seats. Parties of intimates take a table or an end of a table and call for what they please, paying therefor at the time.

We were almost completely strangers at the first of these parties, but the President of the association put us into pleasant company at a table of eight, and as we sat down, introduced me as follows in German: Herr —, I have the pleasure to introduce you to Fraulein MARIA WIECK, (and aside, sister of CLARA SCHUMANN, the first pianist in Dresden,) Herr Wieck, her father, Herr Wieck, her brother, and so with Mrs. —; then to several officers

treble cannot be properly sustained by women; for it should be remembered that English cathedral composers, when they write for the church, never write for other than male voices. The absurdity of attempting the performance of these sublime compositions with a single quartet I cannot better illustrate, than by relating the following incident from "real life" in one of our choirs. The worthy organist (a true church musician in theory at least) undertook to lay aside for a season a modern and flimsy production known as "Jackson in F," to substitute one of greater merit. The quartet soon found the ponderous harmonies of old Gibbons too much for them. The sturdy old composition was not to be "taken" by portamentos, sentimental turns, or by any other species of modern attack. The prima donna at last turns round to the organist in disgust and exclaims—"Oh, horrid!" The organist in his indignation demands—"Why, Madam, what is horrid, the music or the performance?"

Boys are now employed quite successfully in many of the New York and Philadelphia churches. Among the number may be mentioned Trinity and the Church of the Holy Communion in the former, and St. Mark's in the latter city. The double choir, connected with an Episcopal church in our own city, furnishes a notable instance of the proficiency which boys are capable of making, with moderate application. These choristers assemble for practice daily for about one hour. They are not only competent to sustain the music of the church, but are able to sing, even at sight, anthems of a difficult character, and this too, without accompaniment; an achievement which but few experienced singers would choose to undertake. This, with a multitude of facts which might be stated as bearing upon the subject, proves the assertion made in my first communication, viz: that the ability to read music "at sight" is an accomplishment which boys acquire much more readily than adults.

It is true that a great degree of indifference exists with the public in reference to this matter. Many persons entertain the notion that such voices can never be made available in a style of music requiring finished execution. The stubborn facts I have just quoted, about choirs in the Old World and in our own country, will perhaps have a tendency to remove this prejudice in some degree. That such prejudice does exist, is not remarkable when we come to consider the specimens occasionally given to the public in the shape of juvenile exhibitions, where a motley assembly of two or three hundred children are taught to shriek temperance songs and juvenile oratorios (!) Whatever may be the moral effect of such affairs, the musical effect must be deplorable. And the time will surely come when a discerning public will consign to their proper rank those teachers who, by getting up such displays, degrade the standard of science to a level with their own abilities. Every science has its "professors," who seem to have no higher ambition than to popularize themselves with the uneducated masses. Such "professors" sooner or later fall to a level with the uncultivated tastes to which they pander. However, the standard from which they fall is not very high, and the damage to themselves from the concussion is but trifling.

PRECENTOR.

The Musical Critic of the London Times.

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Nobody knows how STRAKOSCH's operatic speculation succeeds, but 'were he losing to any great extent, it is not very probable he would continue the season. There was a splendid house present Friday night to hear CORA DE WILHORST in *Lucia*. She sings to-night in the "Child of the Regiment," and on Wednesday takes a benefit, before leaving for Europe to pursue her much needed musical studies. Her performance on Friday evening was, by far, the most successful she has yet given.

The "Old Folks," from Boston, gave a couple of Concerts at the Tabernacle, last week, but owing to inefficient management, they were not prominently before notice, and the usual courtesies were not extended to the press, who consequently treated the "Old Folks" with silent contempt—and the press is everything here.

OLE BULL gave a concert Friday evening, at Dodworth's Saloon, and for the first time I could appreciate the wild enthusiasm which Paganini once excited. Ole Bull is wonderful—marvellous—and what increases the interest with which we listen to his performances, is the marked individuality of his character, observable in his countenance, and the workings of his features, as he so visibly enters into the spirit of his music. His performance of Paganini's Variations on the air "Hope told a flattering tale," was one of those astonishing feats which knock criticism quite speechless with amazement. It scarcely seemed possible that a man could produce so distinctly with one violin, the effect of several instruments, by simultaneously playing a *pizzicato* accompaniment with one hand, and a flowing melody with harmonic chords, with the other. Yet this is what Ole Bull does. Those who have heard him in his youth say he has lost none of his former power and spirit, and by declaring him to be the most astonishing violinist since Paganini, fully endorse the otherwise unimportant opinion of TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 10.—A slight indisposition prevents me from giving you more than a hurried account of our third Philharmonic Concert, which took place last Saturday evening. The audience was not quite so large as on previous occasions, the programme being perhaps not quite as attractive to the general public. The Symphony was Schumann's, in C, op. 61, and the Overtures Goethe's *Egmont*, and a Concert-Overture by Rietz. These were all very well played; in the Symphony particularly the first and last movements. The composition by Rietz was brilliant and well instrumented, but rather common-place, and full of reminiscences. The instrumental soloist was EDWARD MOLLENHAUER, who showed his usual mastery of the violin in the old "Sylphide," by himself, and a "Rondo Papa-

geno," pretty, effective, and apparently exceedingly difficult, by Ernst. Miss DE ROODE was the vocalist of the evening, and was, I am very sorry to say, only prevented from making a complete failure by the extreme good nature of the public, who, in view of her evident agitation, applauded generously. Her voice, which in a medium-sized room, and with the piano, appears full and strong, was entirely too weak for the immense Academy, and even, it seemed to me, for an orchestral accompaniment. And to this natural disadvantage, she had added another of her own creating, in the unfortunate choice of her pieces. They were the extremely difficult arias, "On mighty pens," from the "Creation," and *Ocean, du Ungeheuer*, from Weber's "Oberon." These are both compositions which none but a very great singer should undertake; the chief beauty and interest of the first lying in the perfect representation of the many tonalities it contains, and the last requiring the utmost dramatic force to make it appear to advantage, when robbed of the stage accessions which it originally requires. It is very high, and very fatiguing, and Miss De Roode was not by any means equal to an artistic rendering of it. I could not but pity her, and wish that she had been contented with simpler means of showing her powers.

OLE BULL is giving a series of concerts, assisted by various artists, which are said to fill Dodworth's Saloon very well. Thalberg's Matinees are drawing themselves out into an endless chain—the first series of three was followed, or rather *dove-tailed* by a second of two, that again by a third, and in among these again came sundry single ones. Last night the maestro gave a grand concert, with the assistance of the Harmonic Society, who performed Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and for next week new attractions are promised.

CINCINNATI, O. MARCH 4.—Our city has recently taken quite a start in musical matters and our progress deserves to be noticed in your Journal. During the past weeks we have enjoyed some important performances by home societies. Our new "Philharmonic Society," which is organized upon the plan of the New York Philharmonic, thus far has given two Concerts and three afternoon Rehearsals. In the last Concert, which was the first of three Subscription Concerts, they treated us to the superb "Pastoral Symphony" by Beethoven. The audience numbered nearly 500 (living) heads. They seemed spell-bound in listening to the heavenly strains of the greatest of all musical masters; there was not a whisper, hardly a breath. This audience, we suppose, was not exactly after the New York pattern. The afternoon Rehearsals have also been well and silently attended; as yet the latest New York fashion of handing round chocolate and ice cream has not been adopted. The Orchestra has about 30 members and is well proportioned: two double Basses and 7 violins give a very fine basis to it, and in this respect it is a good deal more satisfactory than the transient Orchestras, the old "Germanians" and Jullien's, we have had here. Our leader, Mr. L. RITTER, is a man of thorough musical knowledge, of a wide interest in old, new and "future" Music, and of the purest intentions. He leads also our new Vocal "St. Cecilia" Society, which a few days ago performed the whole of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," with the German text, with a chorus of 70 or 80 singers and an Orchestra of about 30; in all, over 100 performers. It was a very creditable performance. The writer a few months ago heard in New York "Eli" by the Mendelssohn Society, and has no hesitation in asserting, that ours can boast of a good deal more precision and promptness. It was probably the first performance in the States of an Oratorio with the original German text by so large a Society. Think of the "Pastoral Symphony" and the whole of "St. Paul" in the Western back woods!

DRESDEN, FEB. 11.—(Concluded from last week.)—As I think it must interest you and perhaps give you a more accurate notion of the condition of musical taste in this capital, (which is certainly a very controlling capital in this department of Art,) I will give you a catalogue of some of the music I have heard here, omitting, of course, that which I have already mentioned. In opera, *Oberon*, four times; *Così fan tutte*, twice; *Der Freischütz*, twice; the *Zauberflöte*; Meyerbeer's "North Star," (which I cannot admire); *Fra Diavolo*; the "Templar and Jewess," of Capellmeister Marschner, very fine and effective; "Don Juan," very finely given; *Euryanthe*, *Lucia*, &c. The company is very good. Madame BÜRDE-NEY, the soprano, probably one of the first now on the continent, is a fixture here, under a year's engagement, and appears in every opera. Fraulein KRALL is a pleasing second soprano, arch and pretty; a charming voice, but not a great singer. In the alto line, KREBS-MICHALESKI is the best, tho' not great, but makes the best Elvira I have seen since I was in Paris in 1840. TICHATSCHECK, the tenor, has been a great singer. He is said to be over 60, but manages to look and act like 40, and still sings extremely well. They have a very good buffo bass singer and actor in Herr ABIGER. The choruses are much better than with us, or at the Italian Opera in Paris, and the old Hunter's Chorus in the *Freischütz* was given as I had never heard it before. The fairy groupings in "Oberon" are really exquisite, and that opening chorus brought D.'s Club vividly before my imagination. The *Così fan tutte* is a lovely little piece, with the most meagre and insignificant plot, and seems to me as well played as possible. But the great reputation of the Opera here rests mainly on the Orchestra, which is also said to be the best in Europe. I care not whether it be or not; it is certainly the best I ever heard, and I have been lately (three months ago) sitting behind those soaplocks of BOTTESINI, at the Italians, in Paris, where he is now conductor. This remarkable orchestra is presided over by Herr KREBS, Kapellmeister of the King of Saxony, who has a genius for his department of work.

Of the less pretentious Quartet-vereins, there are many. I belong to one, the "Musikalischer," where they give just such a programme, once a fortnight, as our Mendelssohn Quintette Club in Boston, but they do not play as well. Here, as in most meetings of the kind, the ladies sit together, filling the floor of the principal room, the gentlemen standing under and outside of the arches which generally separate the room into two parts, a few getting seats on the *outskirts*, (literally, sometimes.) Three or four times during the winter, these Vereins give what they call a "Thee dansant" to their members. We attended one of these. A band of one of the regiments plays Polkas, Waltzes and Quadrilles, and dancing is kept up briskly, and with an energy unknown out of Germany, from 7 till 10 or 10½, when the supper is announced. And this important element in German social life must not go undescribed. In a large suit of rooms, adjoining every dancing or concert hall in Dresden, tables are set out, quite plainly, but very clean; a *carte de restaurant*, with the prices of the dishes marked against them, is upon each table. The tables are of various sizes, from eight to twenty seats. Parties of intimates take a table or an end of a table and call for what they please, paying therefor at the time.

We were almost completely strangers at the first of these parties, but the President of the association put us into pleasant company at a table of eight, and as we sat down, introduced me as follows in German: Herr —, I have the pleasure to introduce you to Fraulein MARIA WIECK, (and aside, sister of CLARA SCHUMANN, the first pianist in Dresden,) Herr Wieck, her father, Herr Wieck, her brother, and so with Mrs. —; then to several officers

in uniform, and we commenced our supper. My friend—strive to imagine us—a party of eight—in ball dress—sitting down to a hot supper of veal cutlets and stewed string beans, Rhine wine, &c. But we had a very pleasant time. Marie Wieck is pleasing, rather pretty, and speaks tolerable English, and intimated a desire to go to the U. S. if she could feel assured of success. I have not yet heard her play. Herr BLASSMANN is the best pianist here—a young man, and member of the Tonkünstler, as are all the best artists of the place.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAR. 14, 1857.

CONCERTS.

The last PHILHARMONIC CONCERT was a grand one. The Music Hall presented an inspiring show of audience, although not full, and we congratulate Mr. ZERRAIN upon this satisfactory, though late, response to his brave efforts in the cause of orchestral music, as heartily as we thank him for the good things he has given us, and above all for that ever-glorious Symphony by Schubert. But first let us record the programme:

- PART I.
1.—Grand Symphony, in C major,..... Schubert.
I. Andante con moto, Allegro ma non troppo.—II. Andante.
III. Scherzo, Allegro.—IV. Allegro vivace.
2.—Scene and Aria: "Wie nimmst du die Schlummer,"
from the opera *Der Freischütz*,..... Weber.
Madame Bertha Johannsen.
PART II.
3.—Festival Overture,..... Julius Rietz.
[First time in Boston]
4.—a. Morgen Ständchen,..... Schubert.
b. Volkslied,..... Kücken.
Madame Bertha Johannsen.
5.—Chorus of Pilgrims, from *Tannhäuser*,..... Wagner.
Sung by a Select Choir of Male Voices.
6.—Waltz di Bravura,..... Benzano.
Madame Bertha Johannsen.
7.—Overture: "William Tell",..... Rossini.

That Symphony was the richest feast of instrumental music we have heard this winter. We do not say of course that it surpasses Beethoven's C minor; but, considering its greater novelty, we listen to it just now with a fresher interest. Intrinsically it is a work of genius, a truly inspired creation, from beginning to end; as truly so as any Symphony by Beethoven or Mozart. Indeed outside of Beethoven (and with a full recognition of the merits of his predecessors and of Mendelssohn in this line) we know no work of instrumental music that appears to us so great, that so exalts and fills the listener. It tingles with imaginative life and ecstasy in every bar; it teems with beautiful and glorious ideas, which are wrought up and carried through with logical consistency and vigor; it is equally remarkable for melodies of startling individuality and beauty as for the wildest wealth of modulation and the richest instrumental coloring; it is full of solemnity and full of joy, and with its buoyant rhythm treads on air like one caught up by the divine afflatus. And then, as Schumann says of it, "its heavenly length, like a thick novel in four volumes by Jean Paul!" Ah, there's the rub! we fear many of the audience thought only of the length and found it very tedious. Certainly that was the case with some of the newspaper critics. We think it may be curious and not altogether uninteresting to string together some of these critical opinions which appeared in Monday's papers. If they do not show the worth of Schubert's Symphony, they show its length. It will be seen that witnesses differ, not only as to "melody," but even as to effect on the audience.

The orchestral performances and Pilgrim Chorus by a select choir of male voices were acceptable generally, though Schubert's Symphony wearied by its excessive length—55 minutes—and Rietz's Festival overture wasted the energy of this orchestra and much valuable time for no good purpose. There was too great a slice of "Young Germany" in this programme for general enjoyment or satisfaction, but the performers gave their best care and skill to make it palatable.—*Evening Gazette*.

As to the symphony by Schubert, with which the performances commenced, we cannot say that we think it worth an hour's time of two thousand people, so long as we have compositions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn or Mozart that are not worn out. The songs of Schubert are unrivalled, but he does not wield the wand which, in the hands of the illustrious four, has enchanted the world. The symphony has beautiful passages, and, as it seemed to us, they were fairly brought out; but pretty passages will not make a symphony, any more than pleasing fancies or lyrical strains will make an epic poem.—*Atlas*.

Nearly an hour elapsed during the performance of the first piece, but notwithstanding its great length it is not wearisome when treated in the masterly manner of Saturday evening. It is a beautiful work. Schubert as a melodist, is unrivalled, and this peculiarity of his permeates the entire composition. It was heard with rapt attention, and at the end of each movement the audience expressed the pleasure they were experiencing.—*Traveller*.

A second hearing of Schubert's Symphony (in C major) does not amend the feeling of tediousness and ennui which ensued from the former. With the exception of a portion of the Andante, there is no evidence of any symphonic form, certainly not as much as in the overture to *William Tell*, which has distinct themes. Forty-five minutes attention to "broken crockery" and forty horse brass power does not elucidate a great degree of pleasure, or at the best, the ten minutes enjoyment of one movement does not "pay" for the other infliction. The new overture ("Festival," by Julius Rietz,) is a pleasing production of the Young German School, but it displays no feature of originality or great genius. The *William Tell* overture is a standard composition, always agreeable and piquant, and the best known to the public of any of Rossini's compositions. It was needed after the surfeit of braying and crashing instrumentals which the audience had sat through, that something should be given to soothe the perturbed mind, and the graceful vocalism of Madame Johannsen smoothed the way to receive the final strains of the orchestra in the delightful overture which closed the evening's entertainments.—*Journal*.

The Symphony, new to much of the audience, prolix in its construction and its themes elaborated to the exhaustion of instrumental resources, failed to make an impression. Its full groundwork of harmony, dignified treatment and gleams of melodic beauty, scarcely compensated for a want of directness of leading motive, a rounded symmetry of figures, and that picturesque grouping of musical fancies which in Beethoven's works of the kind so immediately fill the mind's eye and catch the dainty musical ear.—*Transcript*.

Schubert's glorious symphony (in C Major) it was indeed delightful to hear again. We hardly know any composition of this kind so interesting. It is more Beethovenish even, than some of Beethoven's own. Without imitation of any master, it seems free from mannerism of any kind, and thoroughly original, the work of a master, most evidently, in conception and logical treatment. The themes are most beautiful and their development admirable. The solemn and magnificent andante of the second movement, is to us the most remarkable part and is as the similar movement in Beethoven's "Heroica," or the grand funeral march of Chopin, which it much resembles. The symphony was wonderfully well played.—*Telegraph*.

Poor Schubert! Out of the six but two who recognize a decent Symphony in this thy greatest work, which Mendelssohn and Schumann, when they exhumed it from the immense mass of thy posthumous manuscripts, rejoiced over as having saved to the world a pearl of inestimable price! Both Mendelssohn and Schumann, the two men whom the haters of the "New School" pit against each other, making the first the type of all that approved, lasting excellence, against which the "men of the Future" so offend! They thought, and all Germany thinks with them, that Schubert, whose genius for song-writing surpassed all others, was even greater in his instrumental music, and particularly in this his Seventh Symphony. (It was written in March, 1828; he died the November following. Schumann found seven of his Symphonies; it is since said that there are twelve.

This one alone is published.) No young composer of his day so interested Beethoven.

This date shows, (only one year after the death of Beethoven), that the work is by no means to be classed with the "music of the future." And as to "broken crockery," absence of the "symphonic form," and all that, the criticism deals in catch-words, and not genuine perceptions or ideas. Will the writer perhaps inform us in what the symphonic form consists? If Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's symphonies are models of it, we must assure him that Schubert's follows, throughout, the same general plan of structure. For a first movement, we have a slow Introduction, the religious theme of which is first, as it were, intoned by the horn, and then worked up by the orchestra, with a Beethoven-like sublimity; and then starts off the Allegro, which has a leading and an answering theme, the first bold, heroic, full of nerve, the second of an exquisite gaiety, and these are stated, contrasted, blended, discussed, illustrated in the usual symphonic manner, with perfect directness and consistency, yet with endless variety and beauty of outline and coloring, until near the end the religious horn theme, or a phrase of it, sounds in from one part or another of the orchestra, and rounds off the whole to still completer unity. The Andante is marvellously beautiful, with a pervading melody, in form like other Andantes, and only growing to such length, because its thoughts are so inspired, so pregnant, that they haunt and tempt the mind along, and seem too beautiful, and too significant to end. The Scherzo, strong and jovial and riotous, is the usual quick three-four movement in two parts; followed by the usual Trio, which in this case is very long. (Schubert loved to keep up the Scherzo mood), but is built on a buoyant, triumphant, glorious theme, worthy to be so prolonged. The Finale has the usual Rondo form, and is elated with ideas such as come only to the mind in its happiest moments, and must not be dismissed hastily. After listening to so much before, (and music, which, if it speaks to one at all, has been most exciting), the fulness of this last movement may possibly cloy one whose appetite may not be in its best state as to keenness and endurance. But hundreds listened, and drank in joy and inspiration through the whole four movements. Now that a large part of a miscellaneous audience, hearing such a work, perhaps for the first time, should find it lengthy and fatiguing, is not to be wondered at, and no one can blame them. But that "critics," they who are supposed to be more appreciative than the many, and to be the leaders of opinion, should simply follow in the wake of the most common tastes and prejudices, flatter the popular ignorance, reduce all to the standard of amusement and success with idle listeners, and find nothing in a great work of genius to report of but its length, is something droll and lamentable. Such criticisms, to borrow a luminous phrase from one of them, do not "elucidate a great deal of pleasure."

Is, then, the popularity of a symphony, on the first hearing, the true criterion of merit? And is great length, (a thing to be avoided as a general rule, all will admit), a sin that cancels every merit in a work of genius? "Hamlet" is very long; yet we never heard it called a poor play. The "Messiah" is long; yet it passes for a pretty fair Oratorio. So of the "Choral Symphony."

We should tremble for the fate of all of these, were they on trial, as new works, before such judges. This Symphony is long, but can you find a weak spot in it?

But we have not room for a chapter upon musical criticism. To return to the concert. The symphony was better played than we have before heard it, (in the summer of 1852, by a small orchestra under Mr. Suck, and in the winters of '53 and '54, by the Germanians). It was one of the best orchestral performances we have yet had. The Overture by Rietz, written for the Düsseldorf Festival, (too early, too, for "music of the future"), is quite a musician-like and pleasing serious composition, not at all outré and singular, but such as might have come, apparently, from any clever follower of Mendelssohn. The only "Zukunft's" music in the programme, therefore, (critics to the contrary), was the *Tannhäuser* chorus, which is popular enough for our critics, and was sung by a fine band of male voices.

The vocal part of the entertainment was eminently satisfactory. MME. JOHANNSEN fully justified the good report that came before her. Since Jenny Lind, we have not, verily, heard the scena from the *Freyschütz* sung so satisfactorily by any one. To be sure, here was not by any means the consummate execution of a Sontag; but there was very superior execution, a voice far more rich and telling, and a magnetic quality, a soul and fervor in the whole delivery, which there was no mistaking. Schubert's "Hark the lark!" was sung in the true spirit, charmingly, but the lady did not play the piano accompaniment so delicately as might be. The *Volklied* was naive and bright, and in the waltz she showed remarkable skill in bravura singing (far less of course than Sontag or Lagrange) and put a deal of energy into the concluding cadence. It cost her a little time to get "acclimated" to the hall and to the high pitch of the orchestra; and she labored under a cold, which accounted for an occasional thin or worn tone, but in spite of all she triumphed, and her singing grew, and will grow, should we hear her again, upon her audience.

MR. ZERRAHN has toiled severely that we might have good music. The last concert saved him from loss of money, but not from loss of time; the series has yielded him but door-keeper's wages. Yet it is clear that the appetite of the public has only awakened at the eleventh hour, and really craves more. Why then should we not have another concert—a Benefit concert to Mr. CARL ZERRAHN?

Music in Europe.

In Germany, the interest in the New School Music seems to be increasing; at all events, its leading creators, or manufacturers—whichever we may choose to call them—show no signs of relaxing their activity. RICHARD WAGNER, who writes his own librettos, on the theory that the poem and the music should be one birth, one whole, and who regards his *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* as but experiments, is at work on his intended masterpiece, *Die Niebelungen*. This musical drama will be composed of four parts: *Rheingold*, *Walküre*, *Siegfried* and *Siegfried's Tod*. The representation will take four evenings. Wagner is building a theatre on purpose, at Zurich, his place of exile, and the best singers in Europe will be engaged for the occasion. The first two parts are already composed, but the whole will not be ready under a year or two. There is an absurd report that Liszt has entered the religious order of Franciscan Monks at

Pesth. It is, very likely, a joke on the part of his enemies, based on the religious subjects of his recent compositions. A Paris correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* says of him:

Letters dated 10th inst., have been received from him in Paris, in which he speaks a good deal of music, but not a single word of any intention of becoming a monk. At the request of Liszt, the poet Otto Roquette has just written a legend in six scenes on the life of St. Elizabeth, which is destined for the inauguration of the Salle de Wartburg, recently completed in the palace of the Landgrave of Thuringen. Liszt, moreover, proposes to compose a symphony on the battle of the Huns, from the picture of Kaulbach, as soon as he has terminated his Schiller symphony, entitled "The Ideal." This is not all. When he has finished the new mass on which he is now occupied, he intends to write an ecclesiastical cantata, which will poetically and musically illustrate the eight beatitudes of the "Sermon on the Mount," and an oratorio, "The Christ," the text of which will be by Frederiek Rückert.

There is a suspicious report that Herr Lachner is about to finish Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, of which opera he has left only fragments. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" Cantata has just reached the Concerts of the Conservatoire at Paris. The German musical papers are a long time in reaching us, and we have seen no programmes of the Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts for a long time. Concerts and operas go on there, and in all the German cities, as usual, but with uncommon barrenness of novelty, although it were worth an American's while to hear what our correspondent has heard in Dresden this winter. In Berlin, the opera given at the Royal Opera House on Mozart's birth day was Donizetti's *L'Elisir*. At Leipzig the reigning opera, by last accounts, was M. Auber's *Gustave*. At Vienna the art languishes.

At Paris the long expected opera, *Psyche*, by M. Aubroise Thomas, has come out at the Opera Comique some say successfully. MME. Ugalde was Cupid, Mlle. Lefevre, *Psyche*, and M. Battaille, Mercury. At the Opera, we read of little besides Verdi, chiefly the *Traviata*, or the *Trovatore* done into French, and hence less successful than usual. But there are various symptoms of a classical turn in Paris. The *Société des Jeunes Artistes* have produced fragments of Gluck's *Alceste*,—a failure, because Gluck's music cannot well be separated from the stage. MME. Viardot has been singing Handel's "Return O Lord of Hosts," in English; and the Count de Stainlein has started a new Quartet Club, to give chamber concerts, at which, besides his own works, those of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert and Weber are to be performed.

In London the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, still go on. Mozart's G minor Symphony, the overture to *Fidelio*, and Horsley's to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," formed the orchestral portion of the last programmes. The Sacred Harmonic Society have been performing Mozart's *Requiem* and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* for one concert; for another Mendelssohn's *Athalia* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; for others, "Elijah," "Eli," and so on. The great topic now is the approaching HANDEL Festival to be held in May at the Crystal Palace, under the auspices of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and "Judas Maccabeus," are to be given by 2300 really efficient performers, the Sacred Harmonic Society taking the lead. It appears from the records of this Society that, of its 344 performances at Exeter Hall, exactly one half have been entire oratorios of Handel, including, besides the three above named, "Samson," "Solomon," "Joshua," "Saul," "Jephtha," "Deborah," "Athaliah," and "Belshazzar." Miss Arabella Goddard has been adding to her laurels, by playing another of Beethoven's latest Sonatas, the op. 109, in E major.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.—We called attention some weeks since to the prospectus of the "Boston Musical School," issued by Messrs. B. F. BAKER, J. W. ADAMS, L. P. HOMER, and J. C. D. PARKER, who constitute its Board of Instruction. In answer to inquiries, we can state that it will commence its operations on the first Monday in April; that there will be two terms each year, of twelve weeks each; that the complete course will extend through three years; and that a new class will be formed at the opening of each term.

We trust the hopes of its conductors will be fully realized, and that it will grow (why should it not?) to be a true school of musicians. They tell us it will be conducted on principles similar to those of the "Conservatoires" of Europe; and like those, its object will be to furnish an ample and complete musical education, chiefly to those who intend pursuing the art as a profession, though amateurs can also avail themselves of its instruction, provided they are sincerely bent upon a serious and earnest study of the art. One great advantage which such an institution promises, is a system of perfect discipline, which in any pursuit will always have its solid effects. All students will be compelled to ground themselves in the fundamental principles of music, theoretically as well as practically.

The instruction being given in classes, too, will excite emulation, which is productive of good results, if maintained in a proper spirit.

Instruction is furnished at an extraordinarily low rate of tuition, thus bringing it within the means of every one desirous of a musical education.

Opportunity will be secured for the pupils to hear all public musical performances that will be likely to improve their taste or serve in any way to aid their advancement in a knowledge of the art.

Certain evenings in the week will be devoted to the practice of music by the whole in a body, and also to performances, by such as shall be deemed prepared, in the presence of invited friends.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Notices of the last Concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club—an excellent one—the concert, not the notice—and of the ninth Afternoon Concert, must lie over to next week....Our friend, "A. W. T." last week, speaking of the best location for a choir in the Music Hall, remarked that "it is true of all music, that it produces most effect when it is least elevated"—a truth fully apprehended by our modern composers of effect music, and heartily confirmed, too, by newspaper critics.

This is the season of "last concerts." To-night the German "ORPHEUS" give theirs, in the Melodeon, and with an exceedingly rich programme, Miss DOANE, Herr KREISSMANN, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club assisting....Sig. CORELLI gave a delightful private concert, with his pupils, past and present, to the number of some fifteen ladies and a dozen gentlemen, at Chickering's on Thursday evening. For amateurs there was a great deal of fine, artistic singing; and choruses by such a body of pure, fresh voices are never heard in public. But we can only mention it this week....Preparations for the great Music Festival in Boston (of which we spoke last week) are going on in earnest. The Handel and Haydn Society, who take the initiative, are now rehearsing "Elijah" with a view to it. It is now contemplated that it will take place during the three or four days immediately preceding the May Anniversaries, so that the crowds of strangers who visit our city at that time may include this also in their programme of a grand week. Three oratorios will probably be given: two on Friday and Saturday, one on Sunday evening, and for Saturday evening Beethoven's "Choral Symphony." The chorus to be increased to at least 600; the solos to be sung by the best talent in the country; the orchestra to consist of at least 50 performers, under the conductorship of Carl Zerrahn. To ensure the Festival a guaranty fund of \$4,000 is required, and we are happy to learn that over \$3,000 is already subscribed.

Advertisements.

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WOULD invite his friends and the public generally to examine his new and elegant style of PIANO-FORTES, which for purity, firmness, and sweetness of tone, as well as for neatness of touch, completeness of action, and durability, are second to none manufactured in this country. Our facilities for manufacturing are such, that we can afford to furnish instruments to purchasers on as reasonable terms as they can be obtained elsewhere.

NOTICE.

THE THIRD (and last) SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB

Will take place at the

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